

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

*Ger.* O what a rash and bloody deede is this.

*Ham.* A bloody deede, almost as bad good mother  
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.

*Ger.* As kill a King.

*Ham.* I Lady, it was my word.

Thou wretched, rash, intruding foole farewell,

I tooke thee for thy better, take thy fortune,

Thou find'st to bee too busie is some danger.

Leaue wringing of your hands; peace fit you downe;

And let me wring your heart, for so I shall

It it be made of penetrable stufte,

If damnaed custome haue nor braid it so,

That it be prooffe and bulwark against sence.

*Ger.* What haue I done, that thou dar'st wagge thy tongue  
In noyse so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act

That blurres the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls vertue hypocrit, takes of the Rose

From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,

And sets a blister there, makes marriage vowes

As false as dicers oathes, Oh such a deed!

As from the body of contraction pluckes

The very soule; and sweet religion makes

A raplody of words; heauens face dooes glow

Ore this solidiry and compound masse

With heated visage, as against the doome

Is thought-sick at the act.

*Quee.* Ay me what act?

*Ham.* That roares so low'de and thunders in the Index,

Looke here vpon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,

See what a grace was seated on his browe,

Hiperions curls, the front of Ioue him-selfe,

An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command,

A station like the herald *Mercury*,

New lighted on a heaue, a kissing hill,

A combination and so rme indeede,

Where euery God did seeme to set his scale

To giue the world assurance of a man;

This was your husband, looke you now what followes,  
Heere is your husband like a mildewed eare.

Blasting his wholesome brother: haue you eyes?

Could you on this faire mountaine leaue to feede,

And batton on this Moore; ha, haue you eyes?

You cannot call it loue, for at your age

The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,

And waites vpon the iudgement, and what iudgement

Would step from this to this? sence sure you haue

Els could you not haue motion, but sure that sence

Is appoplext, for madnesse would not erre

Nor sence to extacie was neere so thral'd

But it referu'd some quantity of choyce

To serue in such a difference. What diuell wast

That thus hath cosond you at hodman blind?

Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,

Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling sence all,

Or but a sickly part of one true sence

Could not so mope. Oh shame! where is thy blush?

Rebellious hell,

If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones,

To flaming youth, let vertue be as wax

And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame

When the compulsiue ardure giues the charge,

Since frost it selfe as actiuelly doth burne,

And reason pardons will.

*Ger.* O Hamlet speake no more,

Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,

And there I see such black and greued spots

As will leaue there their tin'ct.

*Ham.* Nay but to liue

In the rancke sweat of an incestuous bed

Stewed in corruption, honying and making loue

Ouer the nasty stie.

*Ger.* O speake to mee no more,

These words like daggers enter in my eares,

No more sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer and a villaine,

A slaue that is not twentieth part the kyth.